





THE Graces, on a summer day,
Grew serious for a moment; yea,
They thought in rivalry to trace
The outline of a perfect face.

Each used a rosebud for a brush, And, while it glowed with sunset's blush, Each painted on the evening sky, And each a star used for the eye.

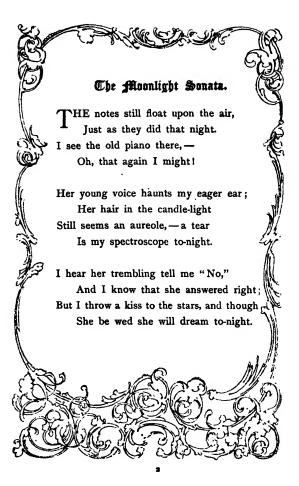
They finished. Each a curtaining cloud Drew back, and each exclaimed aloud: "Behold, we three have drawn the same, From the same model!" Ah, her name?

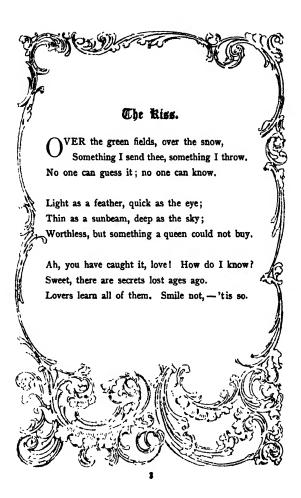
I know. I saw the pictures grow.

I saw them falter, fade, and go.

I know the model. Oft she lures

My heart. The face, my sweet, was yours.







BEFORE her mirror, robed in spotless white,

She stands and, wondering, looks at her own face,

Amazed at its new loveliness and grace.

Smiling and blushing at the pretty sight,

So fraught is she with innocent delight,

She feels the tender thrill of his embrace

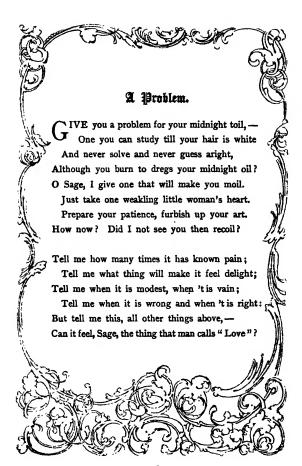
Crushing her lilies into flowery lace;

Then sighs and starts, even as though from

fright.

Then fleets before her eyes the happy past;
She turns from it with petulant disdain,
And tries to read the future,—but in vain.
Blank are its pages from the first to last.
She hears faint music, smiles, and leaves the room

Just as one rosebud more bursts into bloom.



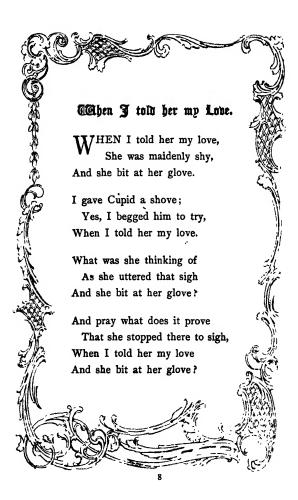


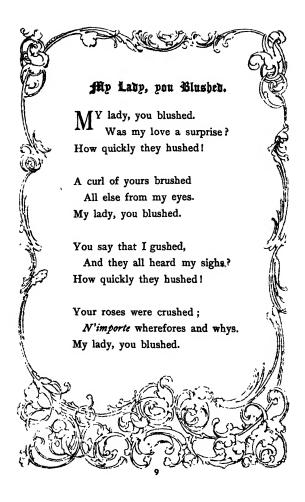
A SMILE is curving o'er her creamy cheek, Her bosom swells with all a lover's joy,
When love receives a message that the coy
Young love-god made a strong and true
heart speak

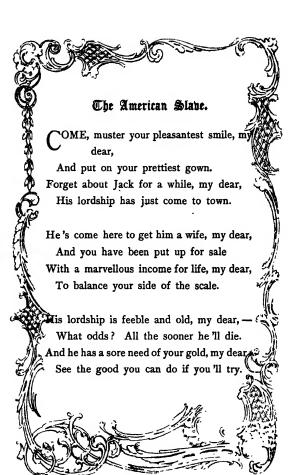
From far-off lands; and like a mountain-peak
That loses in one avalanche its cloy
Of ice and snow, so doth her breast employ
Its hidden store of blushes; and they wreak
Destruction, as they crush my aching heart,—
Destruction, wild, relentless, and as sure
the poor Alpine hamlet's; and no art
Can hide my agony, no herb can cure
My wound. Her very blush says, "We must
part."

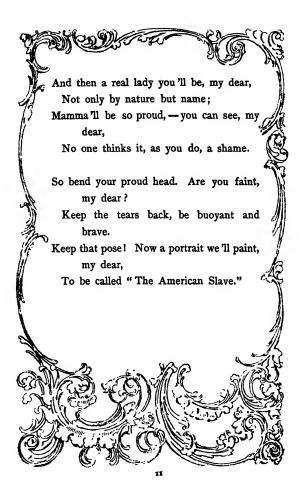
Why was it always my fate to endure?











## Sell ber, - That's Right.

SELL her, — that's right! She is young, she is fair;

There's the light of the sun in the coils of her hair,

And her soul is as white as the first flakes of snow

That are falling to-night. 'T is a bargain, a "go."

Sell her, - that's right!

Sell her, — that's right! For a bag full of gold.

Put her down in your ledger, and label her "Sold."

She's only a beauty with somebody's name,

And the Church for a pittance will wash out the shame.

Sell her, — that 's right!



HASTEN on! The mad moonlight is beaming

On the hatred and love 'twixt us two;

And it beams on the maid who is dreaming,

And the grave made for me or for you.

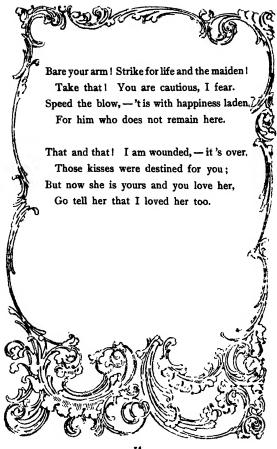
Time and place,—love and life in the balance,

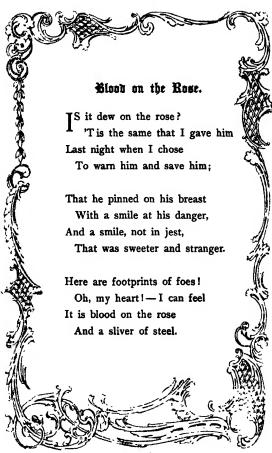
Fear and hope in the glance of your eye.

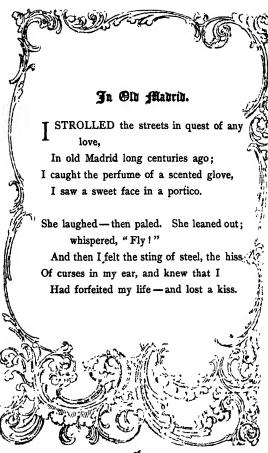
Draw your blade! Forget not we are gallants:
Who can laugh at our fate as we die.

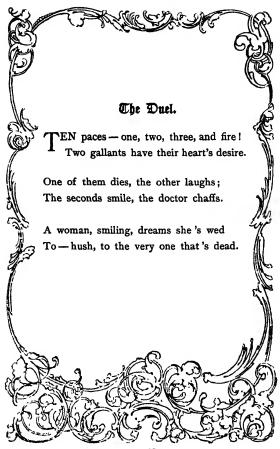
On your guard! There Il be blood on the metal

Ere she wakes from her innocent dreams;
There's a long list of kisses to settle,
And some love sighs and death sighs, it
seems.











## The Shroud.

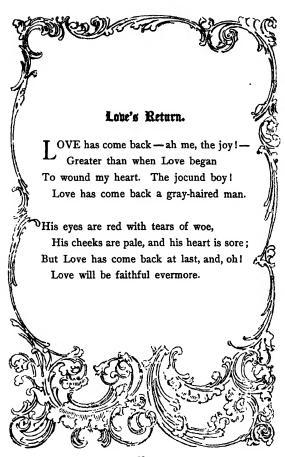
THE snow came softly, silently, down Into the streets of the dark old town; And lo! by the wind it was swept and piled On the sleeping form of a beggar-child.

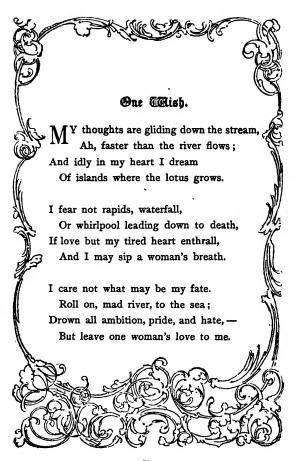
It kissed her cheek, and it filled her hair With crystals that looked like diamonds there;

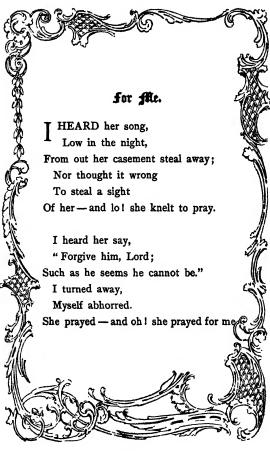
And she dreamed that she was a fair young bride

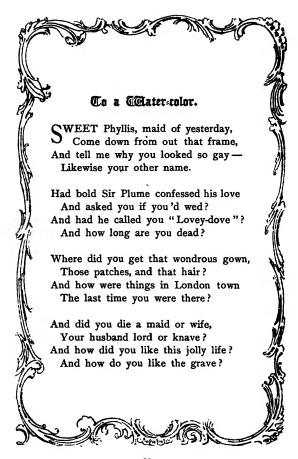
In a pure white dress by her husband's side.

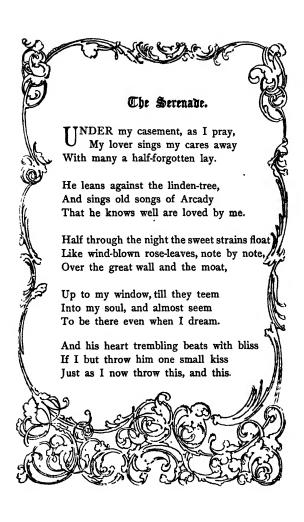
A blush crept over her pale young face,
And her thin lips smiled with a girlish grace;
But the old storm-king made his boast aloud?
That his work that night was weaving shroud.

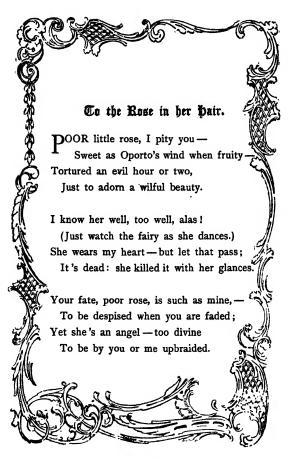














A LADY combed her silken hair.

None but a looking-glass would dare

To gaze on such a scene.

The blushes thronged her dimpled cheek;

They coursed upon her shoulders, eke,

And the white neck between.

And she was thinking then, I trow,

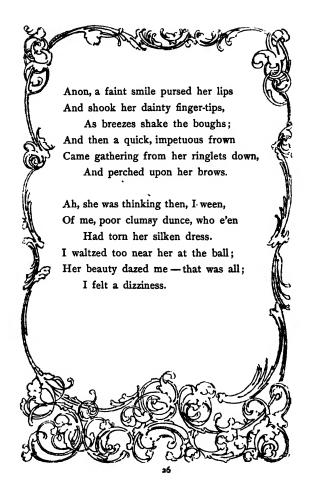
Of one who, in a whispered vow

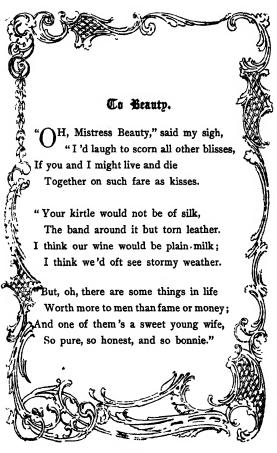
Beneath the budding elm,

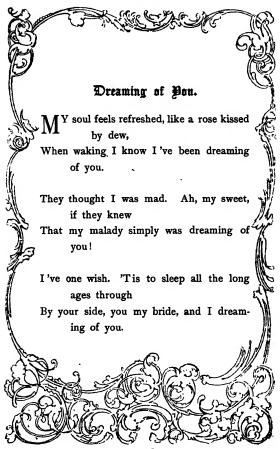
Had told her they would sail their barque

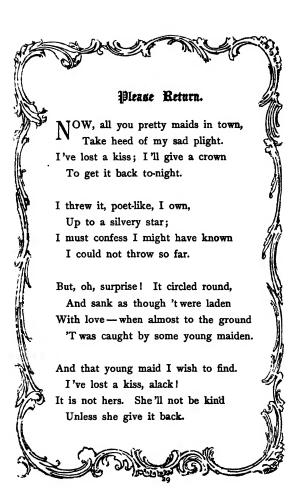
On lakes where pale stars pierced the dark,

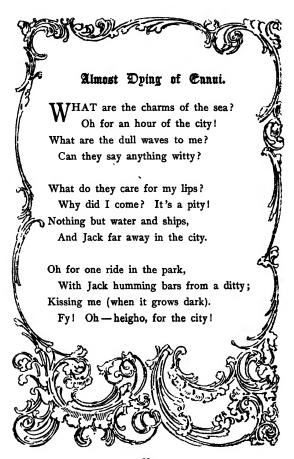
With Cupid at the helm.



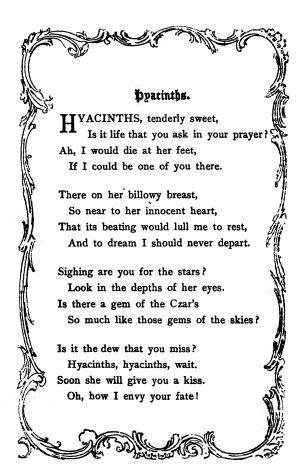


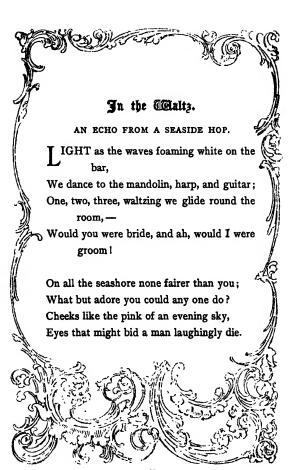


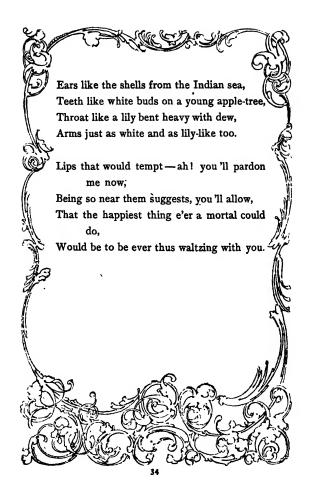


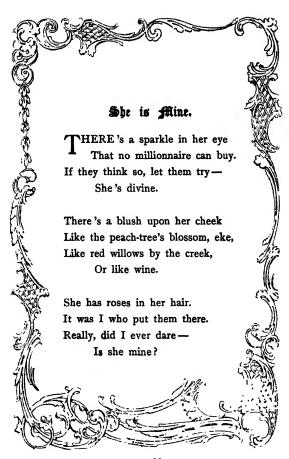


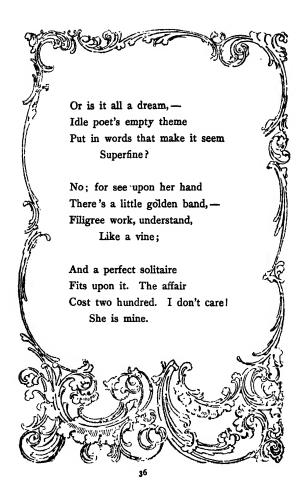


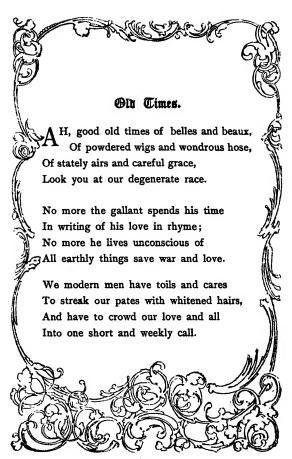












## Of mp Love.

WAS ever a moon
In joyous June
As royal, radiant, rare as she,
With her smiling lips,
As she lightly trips
Down through the autumn woods to me?

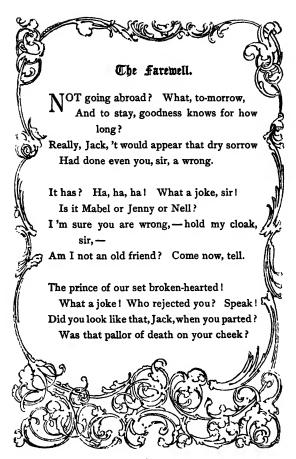
Never a queen
On her throne, I ween,
Had such a loyal slave as I.
Ready to bear
All her cares, I swear,
Just for a fleeting kiss on the sly.

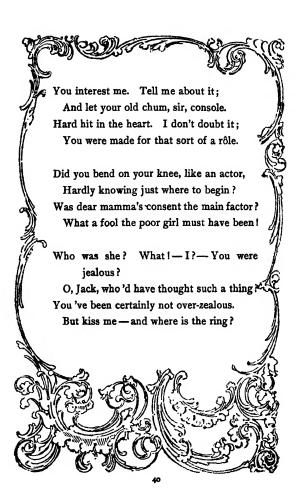
Oh for the day

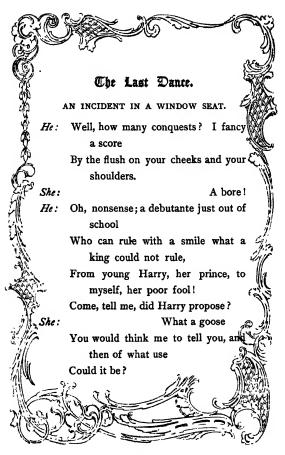
We gallop away

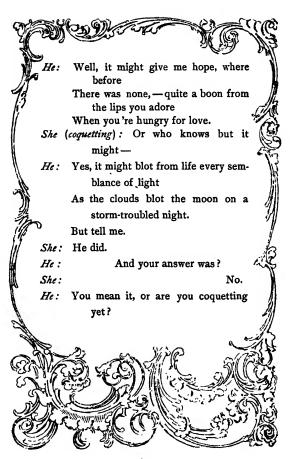
To the curate's cottage, Gretna Green;
Side by side,
Groom and bride,

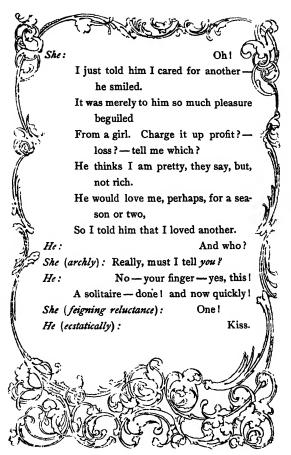
Happy twenty and sweet sixteen!

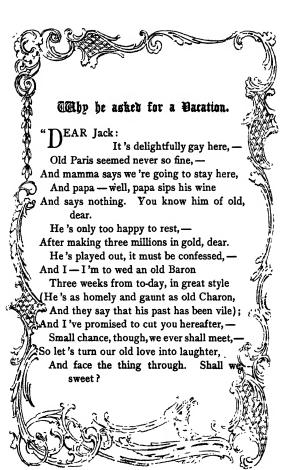


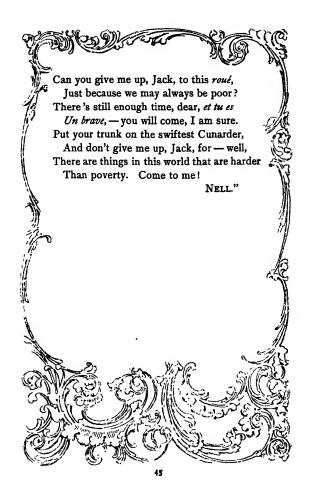


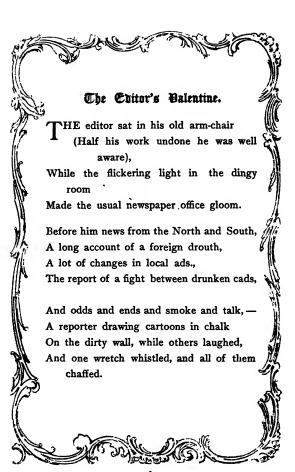


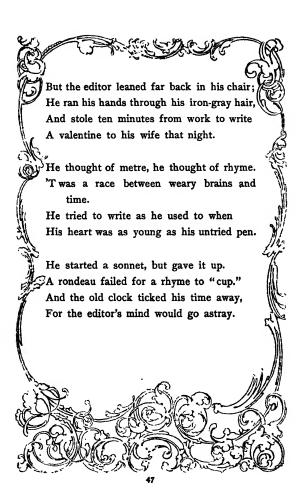


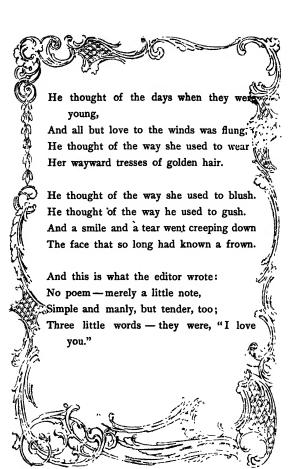


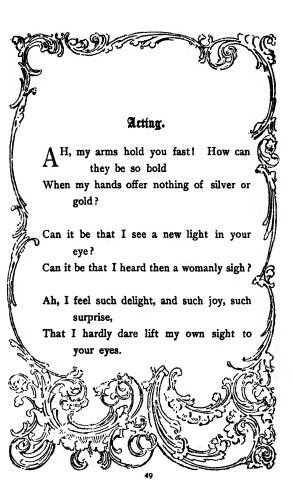


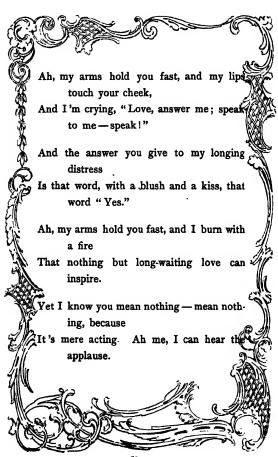


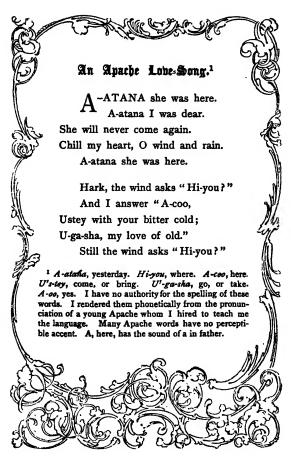


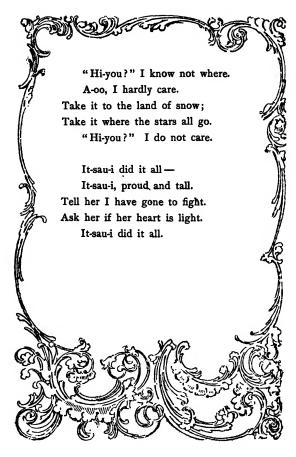


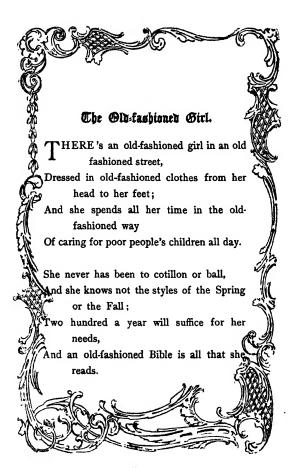


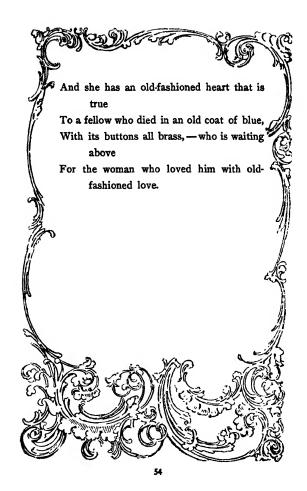


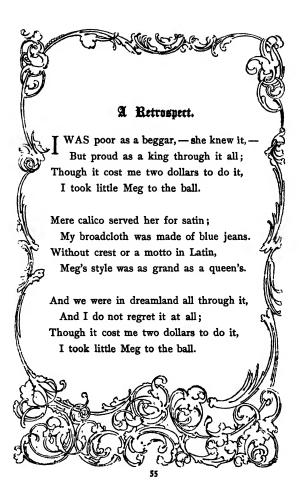














I GUESS that I'm done for, old chappie!

Done, whether she loves me or not,—

But don't look so deuced unhappy,—

Y' know it was I fired the shot.

Thanks, awfully. Give me the whiskey,—
There's a horrible pain in my head;
It's queer that my nerves should be frisky
When my heart is as heavy as lead.

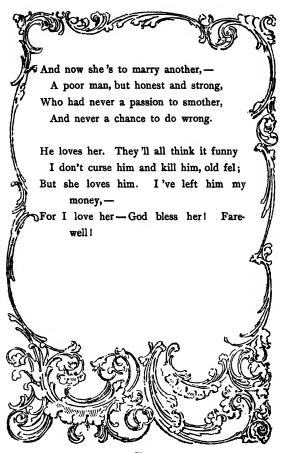
I'm worthless; I own it! She told me,
That night at the Country Club ball,—
Don't try, dear old fellow, to hold me,—
Ah, Nellie!—it's over!—don't call!

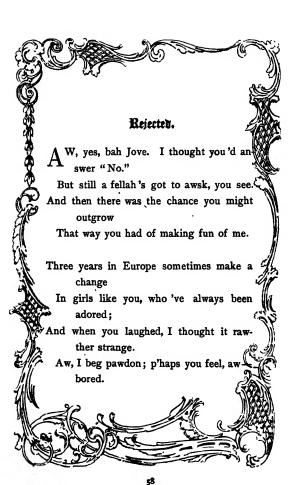
She told me my life had been wasted,

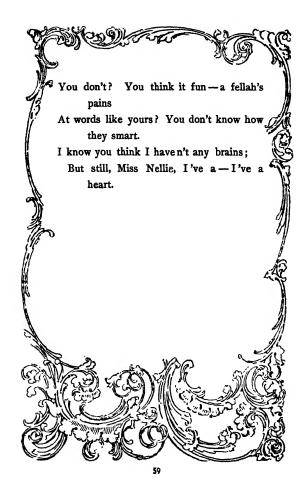
That my money had ruined my mind,

That I'd not left a pleasure untasted,

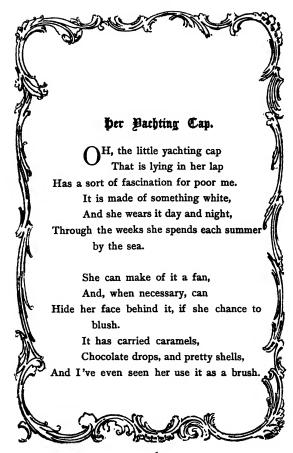
Had been a disgrace to mankind!

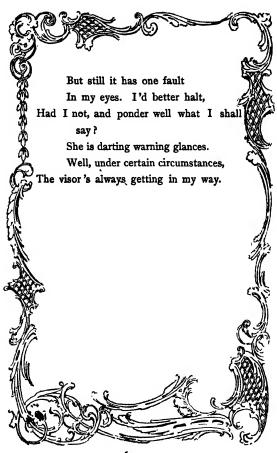


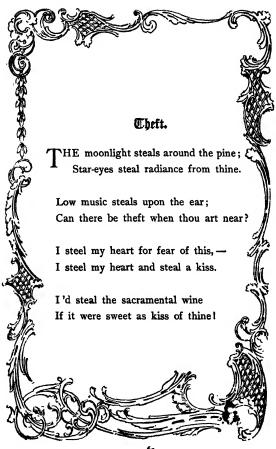


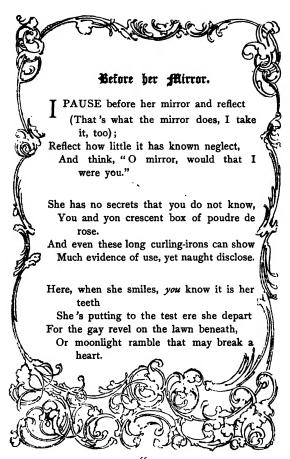


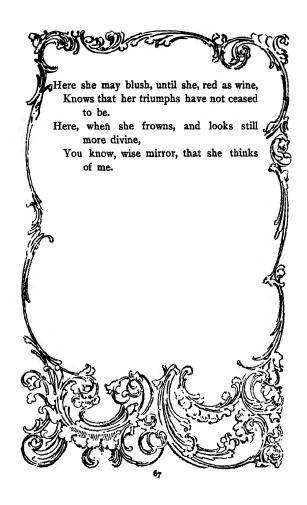


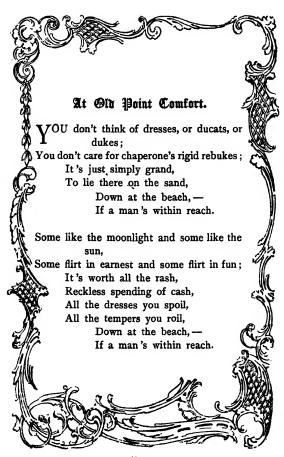


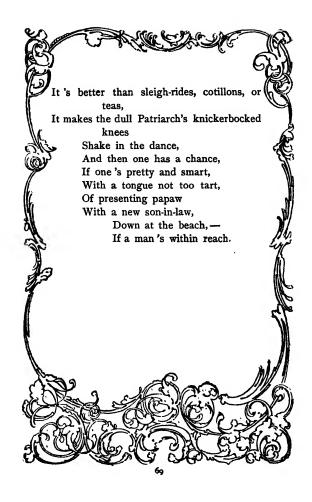


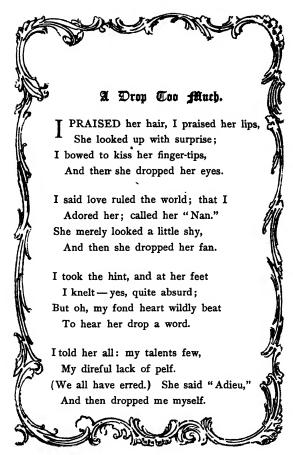


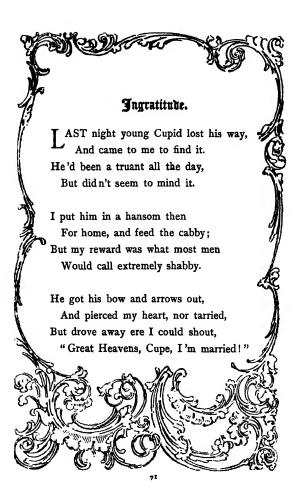


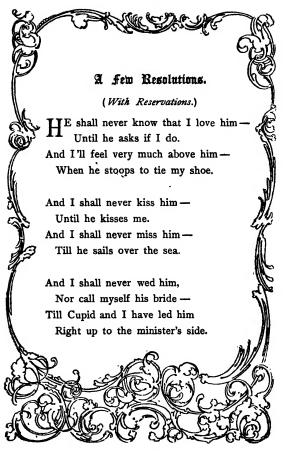


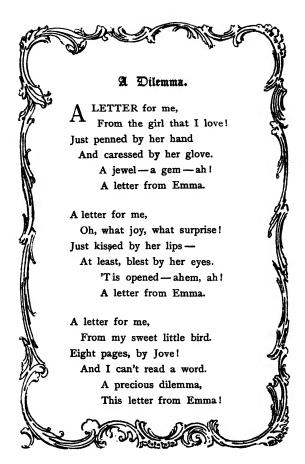


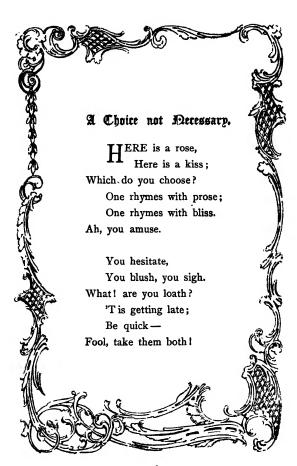




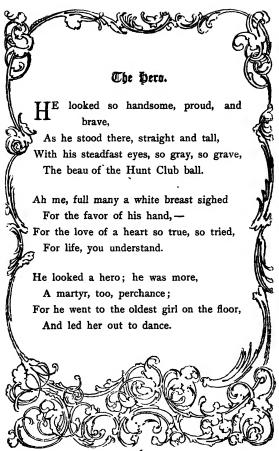


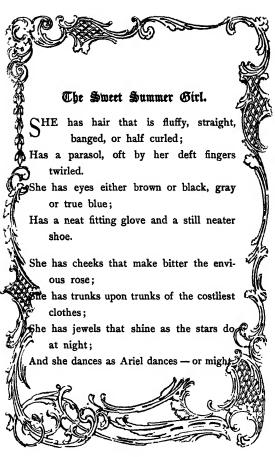


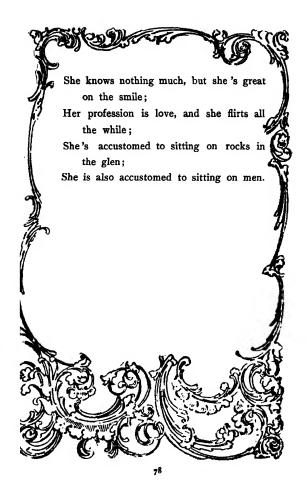


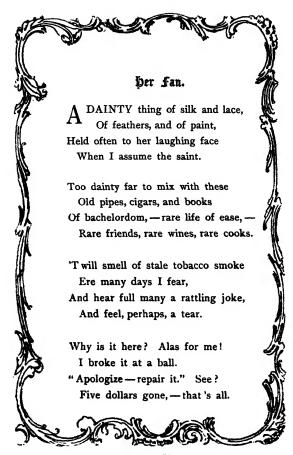


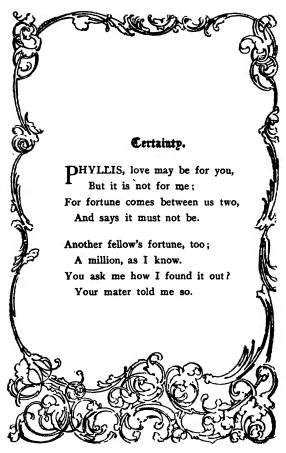


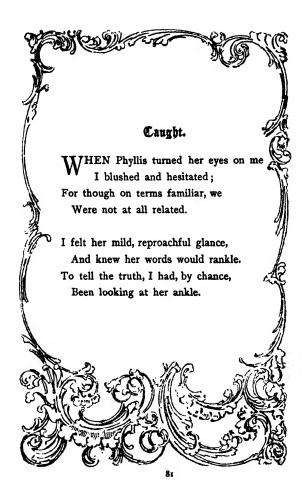


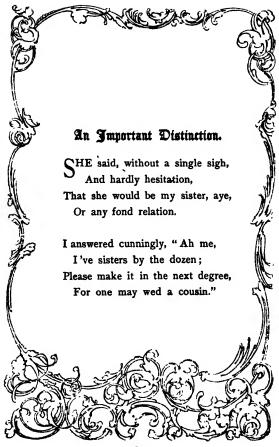


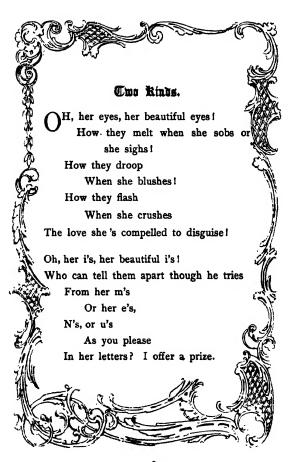


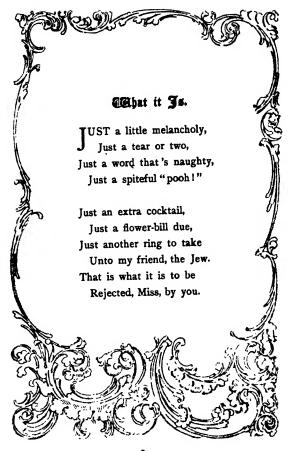


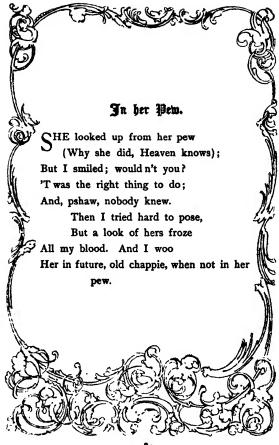


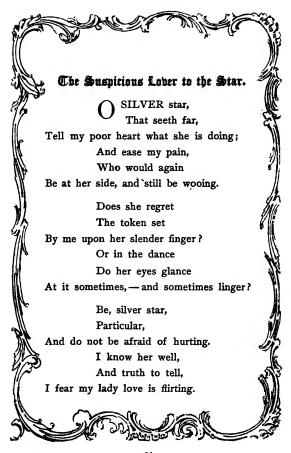


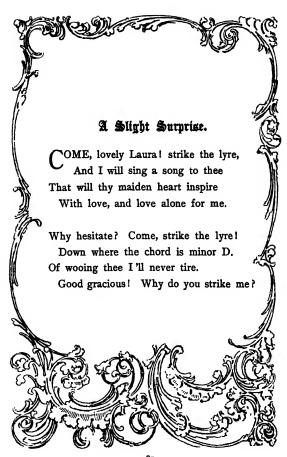


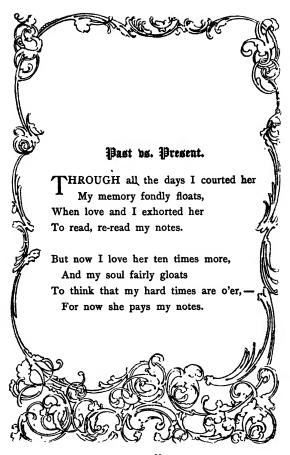


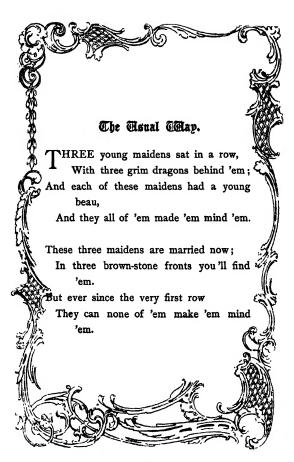


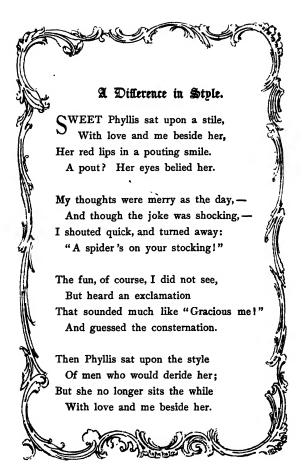


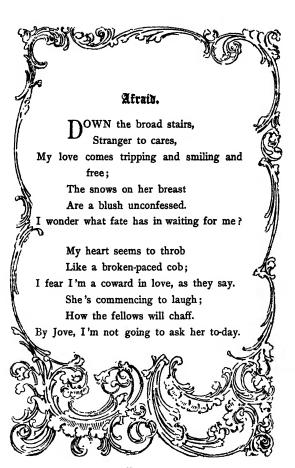


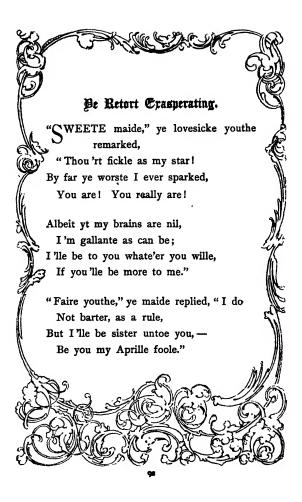


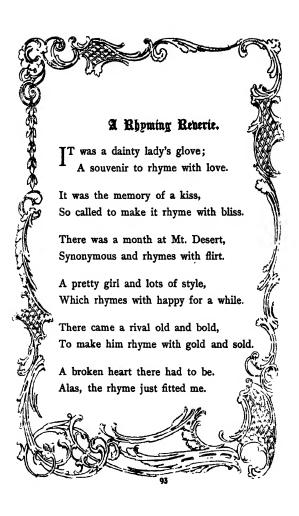


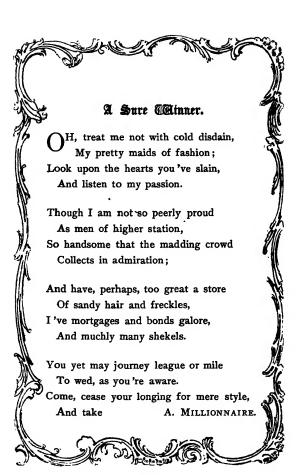


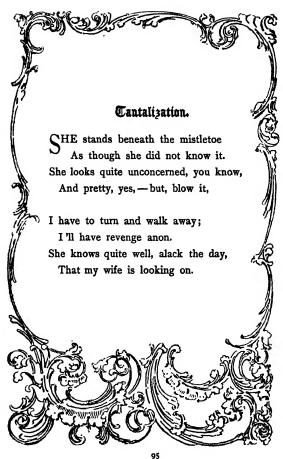


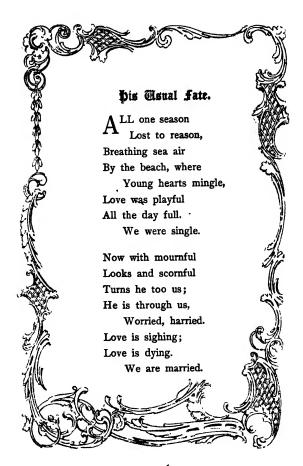


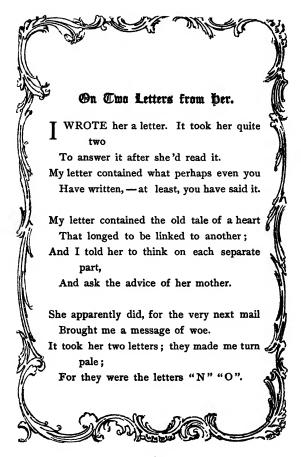


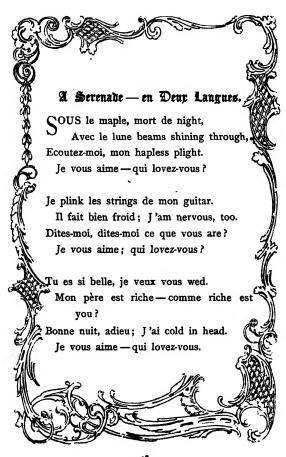


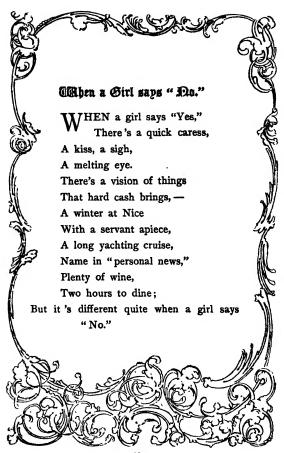


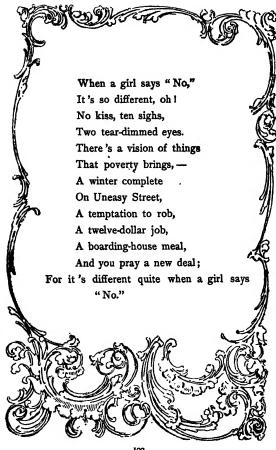


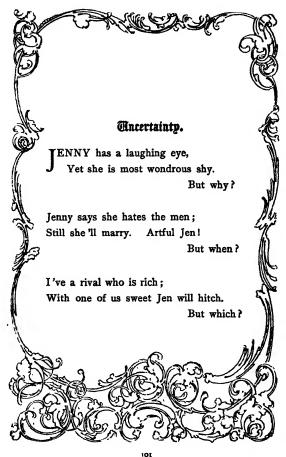


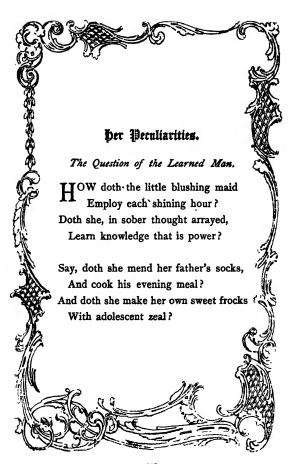


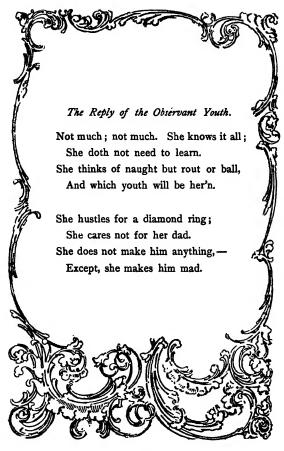


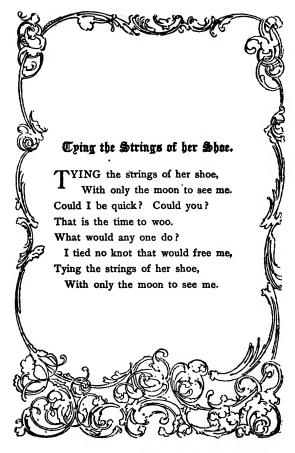


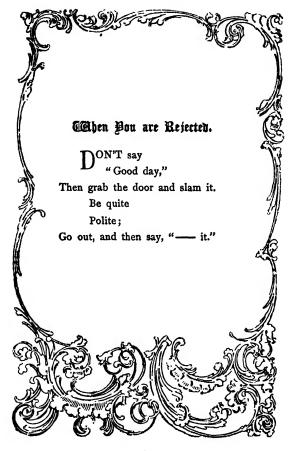


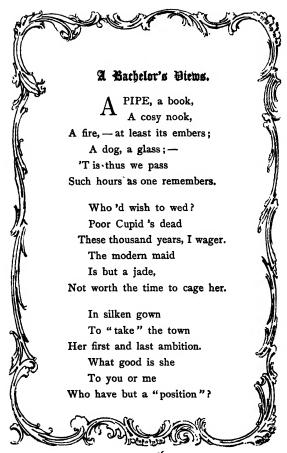


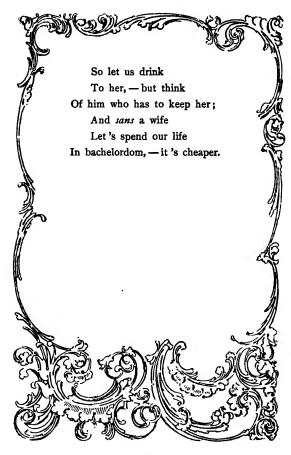


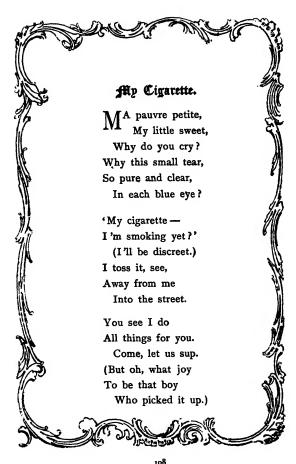


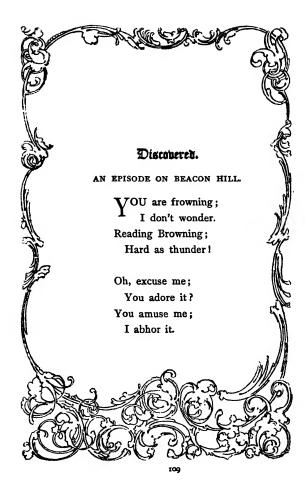


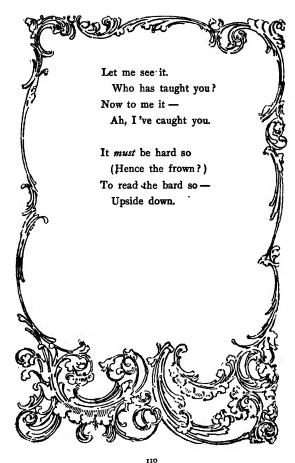


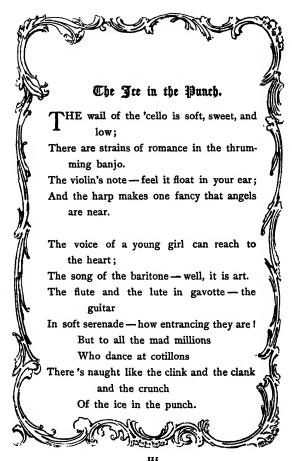


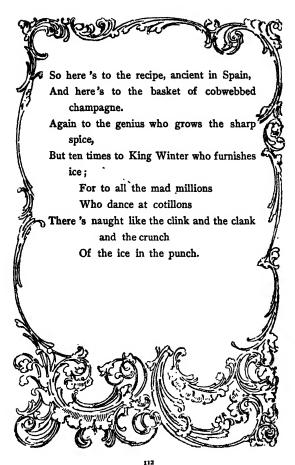


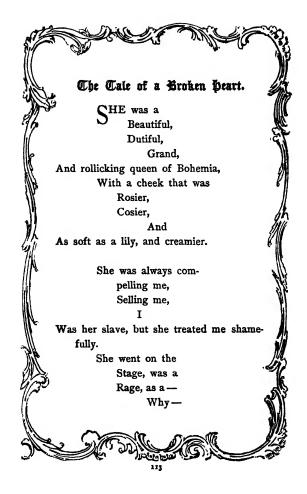


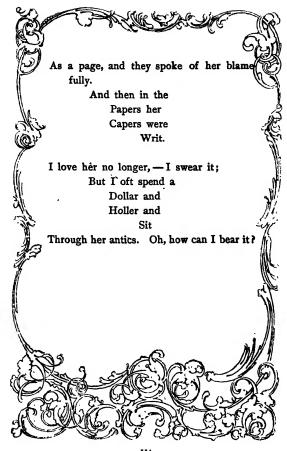


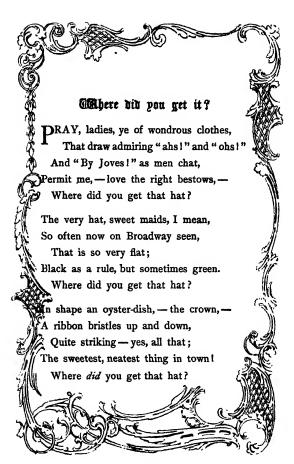


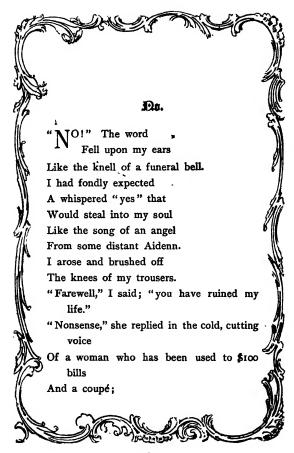


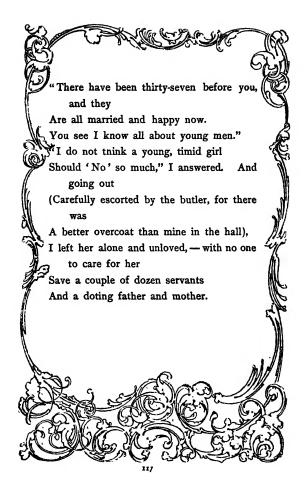


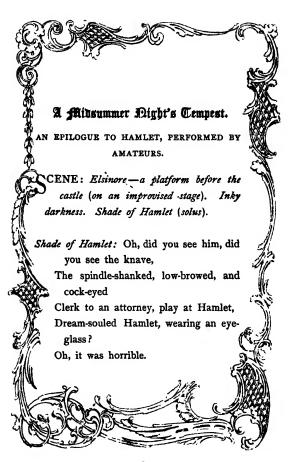


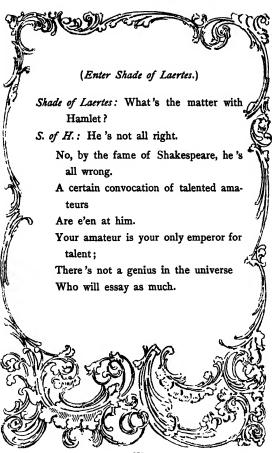


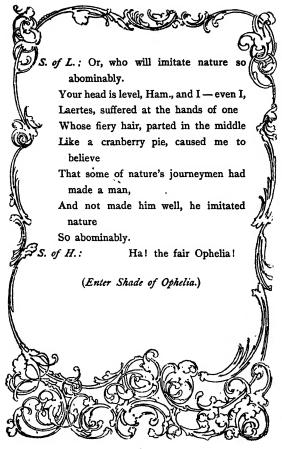


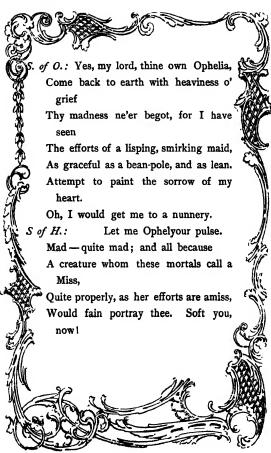


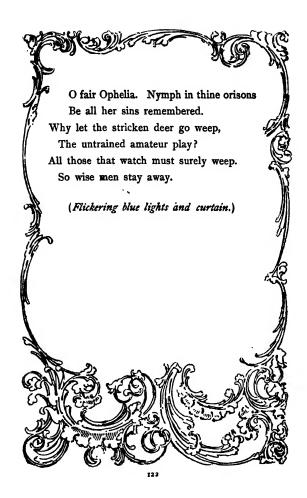


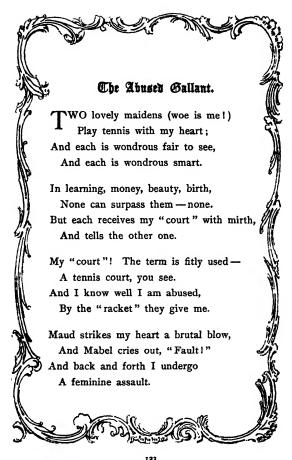


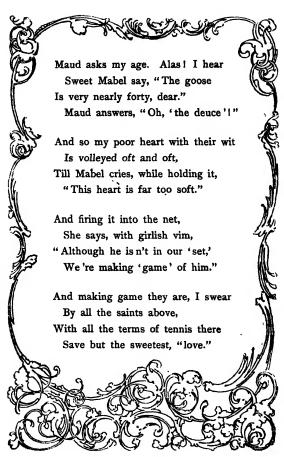


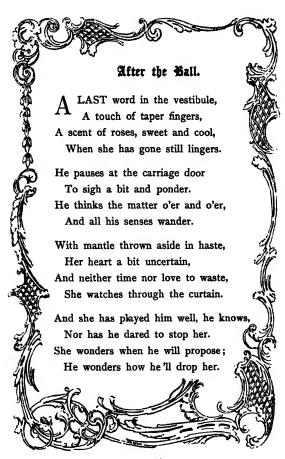


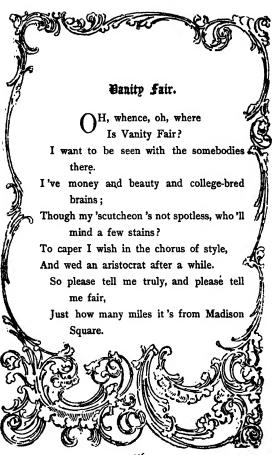


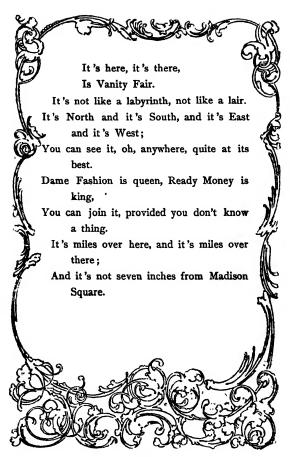


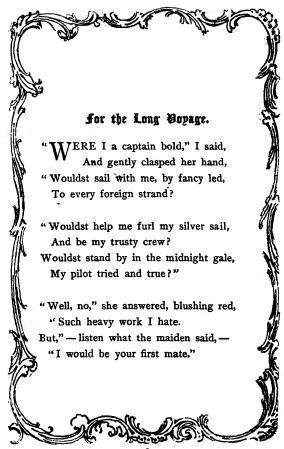












This is the end
The printing was
done by John Wilson
& Son, Cambridge
for
Stone & Rimball
Chicago
ANDCCCCCHY

137 827

UNIVERSAL